

Dimensional Descent - Chapter 5

It wasn't until at least half an hour later that Leonel managed to slip away from all the onslaught of questions. Since he was pretty much locked in to the first overall pick in the coming months, it was no wonder he was being hounded like this. That said, just because he understood, didn't mean he liked it.

'Dammit, I'm late. I don't want Aina to misunderstand...'

Leonel pedaled madly across campus, his silver bike streaking like a comet across the skies.

About five minutes later, he finally made it to the Northern Dormitories. Since there were too many outsiders on campus today, he clicked a hidden button on his bike's frame, causing it to fold in on itself and becoming a silver rod about two meters long. In the end, it further collapsed, splitting into four pieces that neatly fit into his bag.

The blaring of music could be heard even from Leonel's distance away. He hadn't even entered the apartment-style building yet, but the sounds of clattering glass, laughter and club music was impossible to miss already.

Blue North Dormitory was the male boarding house of the Northern Dormitories. It had the greatest luxury and accommodation of them as well.

Usually, women wouldn't be allowed anywhere near this place, as their dorms were located in the south. But, nearing the end of Senior year, there was an unspoken rule among supervisors to let some of these things slide. At the very least, Leonel could see many of these blooming beauties through the windows and even strewn around outside, sneaking away with their lovers.

Seeing these sights, Leonel sighed. Would Aina really come to such a place? Maybe he was asking for too much. Thinking to this point, his footsteps couldn't help pause.

These were some of his last chances to capture Aina's heart. If he failed now, who knew when he would see her again?

Aina was a Five-Star Professional. Leonel didn't know of what profession due to certain protections.

In order to protect students from being poached and harassed by conglomerates and distracting them from their schooling, this information was usually sealed. Leonel was a special case in that he was an Entertainment Professional. As such, his protections weren't as great.

Considering how high Aina's protections were, she was definitely destined for a very important industry. The only reason Leonel even knew she was Five-Star at all was due to simple coincidence and a slip of the tongue.

Leonel clenched his fists.

How well did he know Aina? What were her hobbies? Her favorite foods? Favorite color?

Leonel didn't know the answers to any of these questions, however he was enamored. There were other women just as beautiful as Aina, some of whom had even tried to deliver themselves into his arms. But there was something about this woman in his heart that overshadowed them all.

'If my profession isn't enough to be by her side, then I'll toss it aside.' Leonel's aura blazed almost like a beacon under the night skies. •PANDA-NÓVEL.COM

Just as Leonel was about to take another step forward, the sound of a crashing window shook him out of his thoughts. The screams of the female students shot across the night sky. However, the blaring music hadn't come to a stop.

Leonel's gaze shot upward to a body half hanging out through a fourth floor window. A young man's lower back scraped along the now jagged windowsill, his body barely being suspended by the hand grasping his collar. However, it was clear that his hand wasn't trying to save him, but was rather likely the reason he was in such a position to begin with.

"James...?"

Leonel didn't wait even a moment. Breaking into a sprint, he tore into the dormitory.

Those who likely didn't know what was happening upstairs due to the loud blaring music tried to greet him, only for him to blow right past, shooting up the stairs.

Leonel reached the fourth floor in a flash. He had completely ignored the screaming pain that ran across his chest and torso. A fall from the fourth floor was no joke.

"Conrad!"

Leonel burst into the fourth floor's lounge room, his voice carrying a biting cold that overshadowed even the music that shook the walls.

The room was quite luxuriously decorated. Soft carpets, a Four Star Chef who stood behind a curved bar nonchalantly as though nothing was happening, and several table games from pool to foosball.

However, Leonel's gaze landed on the very young man he had faced on the field just an hour ago.

Four-Star Quarterback Conrad Siegfried.

"What do you think you're doing?"

Leonel's voice simmered, but it was somehow still possible to hear him clearly.

He scanned the room quickly, trying to get a read of the situation. He immediately noticed that there were several members of the Angel Wings here. This in and of itself wasn't a problem, but he had never heard of a losing team joining the winning side's after party like this. What could they be here to do if not cause trouble?

It was then Leonel froze. 'Aina?' PANDA NOVEL

He was stunned. He had really been fully prepared for her not to come, yet she really was here. Not only that, but it seemed like her and her two friends were somehow involved in this scuffle.

Seeing Leonel's genuine happiness the moment his eyes met Aina's, many inadvertently smiled despite the situation. Aina herself blushed and looked away, trying not to meet Leonel's gaze.

PANDA-NOVEL "Oh, so she's yours? It's no wonder why this guard dog reacted so furiously to my casual words."

Hearing Conrad's words, Leonel's expression once more became cold. He was smart enough to understand what must have happened.

James was likely here accompanying Aina and her friends knowing that Leonel would be a bit late due to his actions. At some point, Conrad came and tried to make a move on Aina, causing James to lash out.

It seemed that James was a bit too drunk, or else with his size and strength, there was no way Conrad could put him into such a situation.

"Let him go, are you trying to commit a murder with so many people here?"

It was unknown who exactly, but the surround sound system of the fourth floor was turned down to the point only the music from the other floors reverberated through the walls.

The members of the Royal Blues gathered around Leonel without him saying a word. With their leader here, there was nothing that needed to be said.

No matter what, the Angel Wings were outnumbered here. Leonel didn't know what was going on on the other floors, but there were twelve members of his team here and only seven of them.

"So what if I do? Do you think I would be punished for it?" He asked his question teasingly, as though he really wanted Leonel's genuine opinion.

Conrad's response caught Leonel completely off guard. He considered himself to be an intelligent person, but he was completely blindsided.

After considering for a moment, he finally understood. Hadn't he committed a Felony just this morning? And that was just with his father's retired status. What of the Siegfried Family that was powerful enough to make the mere Four-Star Conrad rank higher than Leonel on the Eligible Minor List?

It wasn't that Leonel had never thought of this, it was rather that he never realized that someone could use this loophole to get away with murder. Weren't there limits? ρ□□□□□□□□

Leonel's crimes were completely innocent and put no one but his own self in danger. But Conrad actually wanted to cause the death of another person for nothing more than an exchange of words?

Leonel fell silent under Conrad's sneer. He didn't notice that from the side, Aina observed him with a slightly curious gaze.

"Alright, drop him then."

Conrad's eyes narrowed. "Do you think I won't?"

"No, I'm certain you would. However, you'll have to face the consequences."

“Consequences?”

Conrad’s tension dissipated, a laughter shaking his body. James’ body tipped further out the window, nearly disrupting the balance that kept him alive.

“And here I thought the mighty Leonel Morales was intelligent. It seems that you’re just a fool.”

Leonel expressionlessly watched on as Conrad laughed. Several seconds ticked by before an uncomfortable feeling started to well in the latter’s heart. Soon, even the remaining six Angel Wing players felt too stifled to laugh.

“Yes, consequences.” Leonel replied plainly. “If you drop my partner from that window, you seven will follow him right after.”

Conrad choked on his own breath. Leonel’s biting cold gaze pierced through his heart.

“... Do you really think you can say such a thing? Do you know who I am? For just this threat alone, the consequences you speak of are far beyond your wildest imaginations.”

As though on cue, a voice once more sounded in Leonel’s ear.

[Infraction Code 22.31.4 — Murderous intent detected. Under the Speech Moderation Act of 2034, all manners of Hate Speech and Threats are classified as a Type 9 Misdemeanor]

[It is advised that subject, Leonel Morales, rethink his coming actions. Any murders committed by subject in the next hour will not be considered in self-defense and can only be tried as second and first degree murder]

“I don’t particularly care. Drop him.” Leonel replied without taking a pause.

Everyone could see the flashing lights of his wrist through the black coat that slightly covered it. The warning red lights only appeared as a warning to bystanders who may get caught up in the coming actions.

He really meant it!

Conrad finally froze.

“I may go to prison for the rest of my life. I may be placed on death row even as a minor. But you seven will be dead, so what chance are you going to get to gloat?”

Those who weren't involved in this sudden clash suddenly felt that their whole worlds were taken over by the sight of Leonel's silhouette.

Leonel was maybe the person with the lowest standing of their Royal Blue Academy. There were others who entered only by their own merits, but none shined as brightly as he did. Yet, in such an elitist society, he had made friends with them all. There hadn't been an occurrence of Leonel being bullied for his background in a very long time.

He was a peer they respected, one who made them forget about how powerful their mothers, fathers, and families were, simply to enjoy his company... Seeing him stick out his neck in this way for a friend regardless of the consequences, it made their eyes redden.

Incredibly moved, several more individuals stepped forward. There were no words spoken, but Conrad went from facing just twelve, to feeling the emotional tidal wave brought forth by almost thirty.

At this moment, Conrad was caught between a rock and a hard place. If he took a step back, he would look weak. But, if he continued along this path... He might really lose his life.

It was then that it happened. Centuries from now, historians would come to know this event as the Dimensional Descent. It was the day that Earth evolved and their plane of existence morphed. It was the day they ceased to be the top of the food chain.

A loud blaring noise cut through their silence and the wall-shaking music of the other floors.

The expressions of everyone present changed, their wrist watches vibrating with several, continuous warnings.

[Warning. Warning. We have entered a Code Red: Class 9 state]

[Warning. Warning. We have entered a Code Red: Class 9 state]

Everyone present knew exactly what this meant.

Code Black. It was the lowest and most normal state. Class 1 was a normal day while Class 9 was used in situations like the spread of a minor virus. At most, the worst death totals would be in the few thousands to tens of thousands.

Code Blue. It was a medium state of alertness. It was usually used during rebellion by one of the Paradise Islands or the Satellite Moon societies. The worst death totals would number in the hundreds of thousands, potentially millions.

Code Red. This was a cataclysmic event. It was a situation where the Ascension Empire's efforts had to be focused on solving the problem as opposed to protecting its citizens. As a result, there would be very few individuals in position to help them...

The death totals would be within the billions. And Class 9 was the highest of them all.

A sudden blinding light streaked across the skies. For a moment, it seemed it was day rather than night.

Everything trembled. The ground, the air, even their bodies as though an inexplicable pressure was bearing down on them.

Gravity seemed to increase by at least 10%. The air grew heavier, a lack of oxygen making those around feel stifled. At the same time, their gazes grew foggy as a dizziness overwhelmed them. It felt as though they had entered an elevator that decelerated far too quickly.

Then, everything shut down. The music, the lights... their wrist watches...

The world fell to darkness.

At that moment, hundreds of Paradise Islands across the planet plummeted from the skies.